receives the blessing and comes back only to give a kiss.
The child receives its toys and comes back only to show them
with dust and dirt on. The child receives the strengthening
embrace and looks up and smiles. The child receives the
fostering care and with closed eyes feels the gratitude. Thus,
we go to Him, our own beloved Mother, with nothing in our
hands but only a sweet kiss, a loving embrace and surging
gratitude. Thus we go to our beloved Mother, not for any boon
or blessing, but to feel warm in Her presence and to show
that we are fully alive to and heartily thankful for Her gifts.
The devotion of our hearts, the gratitude of our hearts, the
• thankfulness of onr hearts, the trustful, confiding belief of
our hearts, the hopeful, cheerful love of our hearts, is our
present unto Her. We know unto the mother, it is the
broken, toys, the innocent smile, the inarticulate words, the
unexpressed love, that are dear.
According to the Rishis, the ever-cheering, the ever
comforting smile on the countenance of the Divine Mother,
Her beaming face is not averted from the worst sinner, even
though the sinner turns away from the Mother. That is the
secret spring, that is the irresistible power which compels

repentance in us. Those of us who have Aidied the life of St. Augustine will remember how he was a prodigal in early life; and his mother used to kneel on Sundays at the altar of the church and pray that her son might be saved. But the young man would not care for the feelings of the mother; he was absolutely callous and indifferent to the smarting, writhing parent to whom he was the object of incessant prayer. At church, one day, the pastor beheld that, when all others had left, the mother knelt down on the hard stone and, with tearful eyes and heaving breast, prayed her son might be' saved; and he said to her, " Go thy way, woman, the son of so many tears' cannot be lost." And as this was reported to the young Augustiiie; he saido {(Does my mother *yet-* love me ? Thea